

Withdrawal

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Character:	Venom Symbiote , Eddie Brock
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Withdrawal

by [dragongummy](#)

Summary

Eddie tries to convince himself that it is something they don't want or need. He fails.

Notes

.....OK BUT DID YAL SEE THE MOVIE

omfg *hands folded on desk*

"You are mine." *SCREAMS INTERNALLY* *EYES LIKE O__O IN THE THEATER BECAUSE WOAHH I WAS NOT EXPECTING THAT, FAM*

Also he saved Eddie no less than like 25 times and they are a married couple and Venom is possessive as fuck and no one can convince me otherwise *out of breath*

I just needed to write porn immediately, sorry

ok enjoy

Surrender

There's a lot of things Eddie hasn't been able to do since Venom. That's all his life can be broken down to now; pre-Venom and post-Venom. He can't shower like he used to. The familiar press of Venom's curiosity blooming in his mind as he washes his body. He hasn't even considered masturbation. Though the thought pops up naturally from time to time and even though Venom never says anything, there's a hunger there. A deep seeded hunger that radiates from Venom that Eddie tries to shut out completely. He can't sleep like he used to either. He's been having dreams. Not every night, but often enough. Filled with swirling black tendrils and the feeling of safety. Echoed words in Venom's deep, all encompassing voice.

"You did not find us. We found you."

"I am Venom. And you are mine."

His. Venom told him that the very first night he showed himself and it replays in his head when he feels sad. Whenever he feels lonely. A dark, dark pit settles in his stomach. He swallows it down when it threatens to travel up his throat. He wakes from these dreams with Venom's corporeal form wrapped around his body. Tight around the backs of his knees and the insides of his thighs. Under his arms and across his chest. Possessive. Venom stirs the moment he does, but he never moves. He's content with squeezing around Eddie's back to get closer still, which isn't possible, but Venom tries. Maybe because Eddie knows somewhere in the back of his mind that Venom can see his dreams, can feel what Eddie needs even though Eddie can't ask for it.

He just wanted a few drinks. He had no intentions of talking to anyone. On his fourth beer, the familiar swirl of pleasant warmth rocked his body to let him know he should stop soon. *One more*, he thinks. There's a flash of unease about something before it happens, so Eddie is at least a little prepared when a man slides down to sit next to him at the bar. Venom is watching. The man raises a finger at the bartender and in a few moments he's slid a drink across the counter.

"Another one for him, too." Eddie hasn't realized his beer is almost gone before it's taken from his hand and his fifth of the night is pushed into his fingers. Eddie looks up at the man over the top of the mouth of the beer bottle. He's nice looking. Dark haired. Not quite as drunk as Eddie feels. Dressed in a suit.

"Anyone told you you're pretty before?" His gut flips at the compliment. "I mean, you're masculine and all that, but-" Eddie watches the man look down at his lips and over his frame before his confident gaze rests back up to his face. "But you're really pretty."

Eddie. He can feel the blistering heated anger from under his skin. It rises up to settle tight in his chest. Eddie squeezes his eyes shut. He opens them and finds the man is waiting for him to answer.

"One or twice, yeah." He supplies. Fuck, he'd just wanted to drink alone. He should have bought a pack of beer at the store and-

The man shifts closer, his mouth pressed against Eddie's ear. A hand grips the small of his back and pulls his crotch almost onto the man's lap. Despite his discomfort, the starts of arousal prickle the edges of his vision. The man nips at his neck. Just once, but Eddie bites down on the inside of his cheek against the shudder that threatens to rack his body.

Eddie. Venom is bristling, like a cat with its back raised. Eddie puts his hand on the man's chest. Moreso to get distance between their bodies but the man takes it as encouragement.

"Come on, pretty. Let me take you home. You deserve," a wet swipe of tongue along his pulse, "a good fucking."

No. It sounds like a command. Definitive. An answer that was a fact, that you can't respond to.

But-

No. Eddie doesn't know how to tell Venom it's been a long time since he's had this, since he's let someone give him pleasure. And the man was clearly interested. It's been since before Anne, since he was the one who...he really just wanted...

But he doesn't have to explain anything to Venom because he's *thinking* all these things and Venom knows because he's *inside* him, he's *listening* and he knows what Eddie needs. He *knows*. No sooner are these thoughts all jumbled together that he feels a rumble at the base of his spine.

You are mine.

The rumble travels up and down his back like an invisible tongue and Eddie holds back a sound at the sensation.

"I'm in a relationship," he whispers. The man doesn't seem bothered. He just nuzzles his face into the bunched up cloth of Eddie's hoodie. He bites the skin of his neck again.

"Well I don't see him here," he responds. Eddie feels lightheaded and Venom only sends through a single warning before taking control. Thankfully, he still used Eddie's voice as opposed to his own.

"He *is* here. He's watching you." And that was that, Venom gave Eddie control back as easily as he had taken it and the man backed away from him with his hands raised. Eddie put a few bills on the counter and manages to leave the bar and get into the open air. The coolness takes the edge off a little from his flaring arousal. It frightens him; this feeling. The bar isn't that far from his apartment and he walks with rockets on his heels along the sidewalk. He feels exposed outside. He just wants to go to sleep. Venom is uncharacteristically quiet but he can feel the thrumming of his anticipation sitting in his stomach. Eddie doesn't know what he anticipates.

We want to touch you. He freezes. His heart is hammering against his ribs. He's drunk. He's hearing things. There's no way that-

I want it. Eddie shakes his head. The lights above him on the posts are shining in and out of focus. Eddie can't let that happen. Once it does; if Eddie lets that happen, then...

You won't be able to live without my touch again. Eddie grits his teeth. Venom is everywhere in his mind, all consuming. He's scared, he's turned on. Shame rises and rests in his cheeks and he clenches his fists in his pockets so hard that it hurts. He forces himself into a near run. Almost

home.

- - -

He runs the shower the second he gets home. Scalding. Hot enough to almost burn, but they're the showers Eddie likes best. Pleasure rolls through him when he dips his head under the spray as the heat envelopes his body. The chill from the night leaves him in waves and he sighs against the shower wall. His erection hasn't flagged. Eddie ignores it and reaches for the soap to wash with.

Eddie. He jumps and almost falls backwards before catching himself by bracing both of his hands on the wall in front of him. His cock twitches.

"Stop saying my name," he breathes pathetically. He turns around so his back is against the cool tile and the hot spray down his front.

You like it. Said so matter-of-fact like, like what they were doing wasn't skirting the edge of something else. The familiar ripple extends from his shoulder and Venom's face comes into view. His tongue slides over his teeth. His head bobs a little as he starts to speak.

Touch yourself. Or I will. His milky eyes narrow as if he knows what Eddie is about to say. But he does.

"I don't need to," he lies. He knows he's lying which means Venom knows he's lying. Venom doesn't like it when he lies to him, he takes it personal. Like when Eddie called him a parasite. He understands the meaning of jokes more now, but that first time he was aggressive. Dangerous.

If you won't, then- Eddie can't let that happen, he can't let it boil over to that. So he grabs his cock in his hand and his stomach clenches from the neglected touch. It'd been so long. Besides holding himself to piss, he'd not touched himself. Venom is watching him closely. The skin around his mouth shifts with his teeth and Eddie has to close his eyes. But when he closes them he sees what Venom sees. Sees that Venom is looking at all of him, seeing his whole self and not just one part. His parted lips. His eyes screwed shut. The muscle of his thighs. The 'V' of his hips. His hand on his cock. It's too much so he opens his eyes again. A desperate sound escapes him.

Venom waits. Patient. Eddie's hand shakes as he starts to stroke himself. He tries to keep his mind empty, tries to imagine a wall or a fence to block out any desires he may have. That Venom could see. Venom knows what he's trying to do but he still says nothing. It's only a matter of time, probably. He puts his arm up to his mouth to suppress his noises and sharp irritation cuts through his haze of bliss.

There's a huge, strong hand over his hip and the fingers curl around his back. Eddie jumps again and turns his head to see one of Venom's arms has emerged from his side to hold him. There's several other thin, black tendrils snaking out around them both and Eddie's hand stops. The fingers on his back lightly scratch at the skin there. Eddie can't stop the shudder this time.

You're quiet, Eddie. Eddie swallows and grits his teeth. He tries. He tries hard to stop the onslaught of negative thoughts but they pour out like a water toppling over the top of a glass. Inevitable. Logically Eddie knows Venom can't want this. He only does because Eddie does. Because he is Eddie and Eddie is him, whatever. Otherwise why would he? He's using Venom like he uses everyone else in his life. Maybe if he just waited until Venom entered into his sleep mode he could just pop open his bottle of sleeping pills and just-

The hand that's not on his cock is jerked above his head with a power Eddie is all but used to by now. The fear is back and he wants to sink to the ground and fold in on himself but he's held up by

Venom. He's always holding him up, the only thing that can hold him up. Eddie doesn't know if what he feels is gratefulness or resentment for it, that Venom decided to stay with him. When his hand moves over his cock without him, he bites his tongue. Looks down and sees black veins ghosting over his skin to let him know he's no longer in control. When a thin, slick appendage sinks into him from behind Eddie's back arches. He almost doesn't feel it because it's so small, but Venom makes its presence known by exploring and seeking.

It doesn't hurt, quite the opposite and Eddie's lower lip trembles when he realizes he can't stop the sound that escapes him. It swells inside him slowly, pushing deeper into his body. Venom's satisfaction vibrates through him, even more so when that fullness in his ass pushes against that spot that makes his body shake. The initial firm press has Eddie clenching down against the pleasure of it. He drops his head to his chest. Venom allows him to for only a moment before the hand wrapped around his waist travels to his chin to lift his face back up.

Yes. Like this. Eddie is already so close, he won't be able to last long. He whimpers into the air between them and a possessiveness roars through Eddie's body that he realizes belongs to Venom. Belongs to them both. The slide inside him is languid and precise. The intensity of it continues to push air out of Eddie that comes out in choked off sounds like he's in pain. There's a pressure behind his balls that Venom pushes against with another swollen tentacle and Eddie's eyes roll back in his head.

You are so tight around me. Does this feel good? He asks as if he doesn't know, as if he isn't aware of everything he's feeling. Because Venom knows what to do to pull him apart, knows where to push to break through. The point punctuated by deep, gliding presses against his prostate and Eddie is hanging over the edge. Once he starts making sounds, he can't stop, and he sobs into the side of Venom's face which has moved to be close to his.

"Venom-" he pleads. He's panting, writhing against the wall. The warm water tingles against his chest. He's asking for something but Venom wants him to ask for it.

Eddie. Tell me. Eddie can only show him and it's a start. Venom accepts it as an answer. He's pushed hard against the shower wall; hard enough that his back creaks in protest. Venom hikes up his body until his feet leave the floor. His bare legs drape over with Venom's blackness and his legs are spread by Venom to accompany more of his corporeal body. His other arm joins the one already over his head and when Venom's own form encases his dick in slick, too perfect heat, Eddie's back arches. Involuntarily. And Venom fucks him with that same fullness. Hands are clamping over Eddie's thighs, holding him against Venom's body as Eddie is taken over the edge. His legs jerk, his arms fight the hold and Venom finally takes his mouth with his. Tongue sliding into his mouth and claiming it in a way no one else has as he cums. Venom's body seems to be sucking his release straight from his cock, the suction making his hips stutter with what little room Venom lets him move. There is no space between their bodies; Eddie's legs are spread and pulled tight against Venom's sides and their chests touch as Eddie arches and writhes. Venom doesn't slow, doesn't relent as he swallows Eddie's screams with his tongue like it's the last time he can have them. His orgasm goes long past anything Eddie's ever experienced and his toes curl and the heat in his gut spreads through his body until he can't breathe.

He's being wrung dry inside too, Venom stroking him, *fucking him*, against his prostate even as he tightens. Twisting and coaxing pleasure out of his body in ways he's never experienced. He pulls away when the pleasure doesn't stop, shaking and panting into the air between them against the waves of ecstasy. But Venom is fucking him *so good*, keeping him at that peak and prolonging it. Slowly letting Eddie experience it, be selfish with it and still desire to give him more. Venom *wants* Eddie to cry with it. He *wants* Eddie to shake and spasm around him. He *wants* to feel the pulsing of his body as he releases. He *wants* to see how much Eddie is scared to feel when he rides

Eddie through it, punishing and surgical. Eddie knows because he sees it. He feels it all. Another pathetic sound is pulled from his throat at the deep thrusts against his insides and his head drops against the shower wall behind him.

There's a large hand behind his head, pulling him back into the kiss, holding him close as he cries the remains of his euphoria into Venom's mouth.

He sags against Venom's body, gasping for air when his mouth is finally released. He's held like a child, and he's vaguely aware of being set down in his bed.

I like you like this. This is what you deserve. Your body is perfect for me, Eddie. Only for me. You were made for me. He's on his back, he can't move. There are powerful arms wrapping around his thighs again and something slips back into his body.

My tongue, Venom supplies. **Again. I want to see it again.** It doesn't take as long as Eddie thinks, but then again he's not thinking much. His whole body is thrumming with electricity, pleasure rushing under his skin and across his nerves. Venom finds the spot deep within him in moments. Eddie arches. He's reduced to high pitched sounds and he can't stop shaking. Venom's arm flex around his legs when he fights the hold, keeping him steady. The possessiveness of the notion loosens his body enough that he acutely feels the twisting of tongue in his gut. Something is rushing hot and fast. Something new he's never felt before.

"Stop-" That fear is back, the fear of the unknown. The loss of control and vulnerability. Venom feels it but guides him on, and his first dry orgasm rushes into him fast. He chokes on the intensity, body jerking. His dick is pulsing but remains erect, even when Venom wraps tendrils around it to milk him for all he's worth. Eddie's legs are rigid as he trembles through it. Venom massages his calves to settle him.

Pretty. Pretty. Pretty. Pretty. Venom chants it over and over to him. Until tears leak from his eyes. Until his body is clenching down again too soon. Venom pulls his hips down to meet his tongue and Eddie can only lay there with an open mouth and with his fists clenched in the pillow above his head. Venom wants him to beg. He wants Eddie to say it.

"Ve-" The bed is squeaking with the force of Venom's tongue and the way he's still being pulled to meet it. Like a cocksleeve, except Venom wants to be used. Wants Eddie to use *him* for pleasure.

Tell me. Let me, Eddie. Let me. I want to. Tell me. Eddie isn't even in his body anymore, his entire body is quivering. He doesn't have the mind to feel shame.

"F-" He arches against the swell of Venom's tongue. "Fuck me through it." And that's all it takes, Eddie is cumming again on Venom's tongue. He can feel the prick of teeth against his skin and doesn't need to look down to know how close Venom is. He can't cover his mouth like he vaguely wants to; the sounds erupting from him will be embarrassing tomorrow when he sleeps this off. Venom moves into him through the contracting of his orgasm and Eddie feels the affection pouring from Venom, pouring from them *both* as he fades out.

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Eddie wakes in the middle of the night. His mind is fuzzy, his body is heavy. There's a tightening around him, around his back and legs and chest and Eddie makes a small sound.

Sleep.

He doesn't dream.

Take From Me

Chapter Summary

In a rush, the memories of the previous night flood back. He's embarrassed. Oh, he's embarrassed all right. But he can't hide. Not from Venom. Who's hunger for him has become insatiable. Matched by Eddie's denial of wanting to give in completely.

Chapter Notes

Here we go. Per heavy request, I'm going to attempt to continue this. Yal realize this is just smut af? Like, a teeny TEEEEENY bit of feelings but MOSTLY porn? Cause if that's the content yal signed up for THATS WHAT IM HERE TO DELIVER

sitting here with a bag of skittles in my lap and my leopard gecko on my shoulder like the hoe I am
it's 3:20am
fuck sleep
ship Eddie and Venom
I'm running for Senate
enjoy

When Eddie wakes, it's slowly. One eye at a time, squinting. Like he just came out of a four hour showing of Phantom of the Opera in the darkest theater on the globe. He makes a sound when he feels how heavy his body is compared to how light his mind is. Endorphins. Eddie reaches for his phone resting by his head to check the time.

10:41am

Eddie blinks twice; he hasn't slept in like this in a long time. Since Anne. Good thing he doesn't really have a job right now that he could be late to. Not until noon, anyway. He tosses his phone back up by his pillow, and no sooner has it hit the bed that Eddie is aware there are small black tendrils wrapped around his wrists. Wrapped around his legs and waist. All at once he's conscious of the light pressure around his neck and-

Around his cock. His *hard* morning cock. Underneath his balls and curving the lines of his back and ass. He's still naked from...from...

In a rush, the memories of the previous night flood back. He's embarrassed. Oh, he's *embarrassed* all right. The noises he'd made, the expressions that openly melted on his face as he came and Venom showing him what he looked like through his eyes. Up against his shower wall, Venom's tongue on his neck, his legs shaking as Venom ripped pleasure from him. Eddie's face heats up, his

heart skips a beat. His dick jumps. *Holy shit.*

Eddie's teeth clench involuntarily as he senses that Venom is coming out of his stasis, awareness starting to crack open. Eddie isn't ready to have this conversation, any conversation about what happened or about what Venom might need from him now. Because Venom *will* need more from him. They can't go back after last night. Eddie knows this. Venom senses his fear immediately as he feels it and his attention zones in on him completely, the hold around his body, *around his dick*, tightening. A dominating action Eddie isn't sure Venom is aware of. Or maybe he is.

Eddie. But Eddie doesn't have any words to offer him, no thoughts to share except *fear* and *shame* and *self loathing*. Venom is confused, the onslaught of conflicting emotions engulfing them both. He sends through feelings of affection back to Eddie and as much as Eddie wants to volley them away, that affection so genuine in it's effort to comfort him that he sighs into Venom's hold.

Don't be afraid of us. We would never hurt you. No, not Venom. It's Eddie. With all his flaws and his mistakes (Eddie feels Venom's tongue trail hotly against his chest in denial of his thoughts). It's not Venom. Venom is perfect, Venom gives him everything he asks for. So gentle with him, so loving and lustful.

Lust. The hunger is back and Venom doesn't ask for permission as he suddenly pushes into Eddie with a thin tentacle that he can feel leak out from his back. Eddie muffles his cry into the side of the pillow from the feeling even as Venom shows him flashes of last night. Just like then, he expands inside Eddie and pushes insistently against his prostate until Eddie's body squeezes down on him.

When you clench down like this, that means it's good. It means Eddie is happy. We like that. Eddie groans at that, shuddering as he feels a familiar arm snake around his chest to hold him close to Venom's solid form. More images stream through Eddie's mind of his head thrown back, those arms holding his thighs open as Venom fucks into him with his tongue-

"I have to get ready for work," he tries. A pause. Then Venom is moving inside him, against the spot deep within where he needs it most. He's peaking fast and the force of the build up makes Eddie jerk his hand down to grab at his leaking cock. Barely has his fingertip touched it that it's wrenched away. Venom traps it underneath his own arm around Eddie's chest. It won't budge.

It's us or not at all, Eddie. Eddie drops his head back in exasperation and Venom runs loose tentacles along the muscles at his neck.

Only us. Venom fucks the thought from his head, the words from his mouth. Eddie needs Venom to touch his cock, and just like a breath he's there. He holds Eddie in his hand, the texture of his form working him in waves up and down his shaft. His mouth falls open and Venom's tongue slips inside. Traces his teeth and the roof of his mouth. Under his tongue and the back of his throat. Eddie's toes curl, he arches up against the onslaught. He doesn't know how Venom is managing to move inside him the way he is when he can feel his own pelvic wall clamping down so tightly onto him.

Eddie is happy. Eddie is happy. The arm pressed to his own stomach by Venom's arm pulls him even closer and Eddie could swear something close to fingers wrap through his own. Eddie is going to cum, he's going to-

Yesssssss, Eddieeeeeeee. He feels Venom's joy as he does; into Venom's hand draped over his crotch. Venom prevents him from moving any more than small jerks of his hips to ensure that he stays where he is. To ensure that he gives Eddie the most pleasure he can by keeping him still. He

hears himself crying out, but the ringing in his ears overpowers it as the movement inside him remains consistent and focussed. He gasps for air, his head tilting back as he sucks it in. He can only center his attention long enough to see that Venom is looking down at him, *towering over him*, and Eddie feels so small. So perplexed that he's being given something like this.

As he comes down, Venom remains inside him, gently rocking. It makes his aftershocks only more intense, he can only shudder as they come and go along his tense muscles. Venom is ruining him, he's *ruining* him; he'll never be able to feel like this with anyone else. Venom purrs. He can feel the sound through his back.

Only with me, Eddie. That tone of ownership is back again, and even when Venom finally slips out of him, a hand remains wrapped around his hip.

Eddie shudders.

After that morning it's like Venom can't have enough of him. He pushes into Eddie in the shower, makes him scream against the tiled wall. Bends him over the table after breakfast, knocking everything off the counter and rubbing Eddie through his underwear until he bites down on his arm. Leads him into bathroom stalls when Venom can't wait any longer.

We need you now, Eddie. Pushes him down to sit on the toilet and slides a thin tendril deep into the tip of his dick and plunges it down, down into him to block his release. He fucks him through his ass and through his dick until he begs. Panting against the stall wall, Venom's knee between his legs the only thing keeping him from collapsing. Venom chants his name like it's all he knows when he finally is allowed to cum onto the dirty floor. Insatiable, he waits until Eddie lies in bed to sleep before draping over him completely, entering him through his every orifice and blinding him with pleasure as he cums again *and again* until he finally falls asleep from exertion.

Eddie can tell Venom wants something from him. He's not quite as good at reading Venom as Venom is at reading him. But he can sense it. The hunger is there, the want for Eddie's body is there. He pushes against Eddie's mind during their intimacy and Eddie can feel *something*.

We want you do something for us. Eddie knew it was coming. Venom knew that Eddie could sense that he needed *something* from him. And he can't say no, he's too far in. They're too deep into this. He can't deny Venom. Eddie is sitting on his bed and he scratches his neck.

"Okay, bud. As long as it's nothing too crazy. I don't like heights though, so if it's something like suspending from a pole, you can fuck off." Tenderness floods from Venom. He can sense the sarcasm and see Eddie's willingness to please him underneath. Eddie feels his cheeks burn.

He feels himself lifting off the mattress and he has to balance by pressing a palm flat to the sheets. He looks down and sees most of Venom's form shaping there. The bed creaks with their combined weight. A sound like bubbles, then Eddie feels the heat of a formed dick against his naked ass. Eddie grips the skin of his own thighs.

Face us. Legs on either side. Eddie's heart picks up. He does what he's told and swallows the knot in his throat. Venom wants Eddie to ride him. His milky, slitted eyes shine.

We want this because Eddie wants this. We need it because Eddie needs it. It all sounds so simple when he says it like that. But it wasn't. This was all very, very complicated.

Eddie is happy when we are inside him. Eddie makes pretty sounds, pretty faces. We like it. He gasps as Venom lifts him up, presses into him with a much smaller version of what was bumping against his ass a moment ago. Venom's hands are on either of his ass cheeks. He kneads the skin there as the now recognizable feeling of Venom growing inside him floods his senses. Expands inside him until the self modulated dick is resting against that spot that sets him on fire. He's fully seated on Venom, his dick is already coming to life at the intimacy of the moment. He can't start shaking now, they haven't even *begun*, but Eddie does. He can't help it.

Move. Venom has never let Eddie set his own pace before. He freezes. Venom waits. Always so patient with him. The first drop of his hips has his back in a sharp arch. It feels good. Too good. Buzzing under his skin through his dick and up his ass. The feeling travels up his back to his eyes. He bucks up again and realizes that he won't last long. Not like this. Venom grips his ass harder. His body tightens around Venom in response.

Eddie is happy. Eddie is happy. There's a sudden press of something against the tip of his dick. It's a touch he now knows well. **Keep feeling good.** It presses, slides, pushes down into his dick. Rests at the base, nuzzling against the muscles inside that rushes him to orgasm rough and fast. But his release has nowhere to go, nowhere to escape. Eddie yells. High pitched. Wet. Venom hums. Eddie can only move his hips back and forth; he doesn't have the strength to lift himself up like this, but Venom seems not to mind. Contentment surges his system from Venom's mind to his.

Move your hips in circles on us, Eddie. In circles. He does. Euphoria up and down his spine. He's still releasing, the peak maintaining its intensity and the thin tentacle still nestled deep in his dick. He swivels his hips, dropping his gaze to Venom beneath him. Venom has always been hard to read, but when he looks down, Venom is nodding. Encouraging him. Eddie's hips falter at the sight, he can't even do the simple things Venom wants him to do. Venom's tongue caresses his face.

Gently, oh so gently, Venom's places his hands on Eddie's hips and rocks Eddie on top of him. Eddie keens, he writhes. He gasps. Shouts. His thighs are cramping as sweat is pouring down his body.

We want to give this to you. Venom wraps himself around Eddie's legs and up his hips, lifting Eddie up and dropping him down. **We want you to take it.** Venom has Eddie riding him slow and steady, engulfing him in a kind of ecstasy that makes breathing difficult. He'd fantasized about riding Venom. Only a few times did he let his thoughts venture down that road and each time he buried the desire away.

Eddie. He focuses on Venom's face.

We want you to take it. He can only shut his eyes and let Venom manipulate him where he wants, where *Eddie* wants, and after a few minutes of near unbearable vulnerability does Eddie break.

"V-V-Vennomm," he pants. "Cum. L-Let me..." Eddie's toes curl, his insides are honey and his head drops back.

Eddie. His dick is free, he's cumming so violently that Venom has to hold him tight to his body as he fucks up into him. He likes fucking Eddie like this. Waits until he's topling over the edge before taking him fast and hard. Eddie can only hold on as he sobs through it. Venom's body swallows his release down and Eddie bucks against Venom's grip as he's fucked so perfectly deep, deep inside.

Finally, he goes limp, letting Venom give and give and give and Venom *likes* that. Colors cascade into each other and he stares up at the ceiling fan until he's dizzy.

We love you, Eddie. You are everything to us. We want you to be happy.

Eddie can only hold on.

Open

Chapter Summary

Eddie doesn't want to hear the sweet words Venom says; they hurt. They've always hurt. Venom knows.

Chapter Notes

LOL WHOOPS I WROTE ANOTHER ONE
fuck

Different format from the first two chapters. But, still porn. Don't think I'd gone all soft (pun intended) on yal now.

(Btw its currently 4:43am and I'm watching/listening to the director's commentary of Tom Hardy's Locke with my lava lamp on and I'm wrapped in 2 fuzzy comforters. Loner's lifestyle, man.)

I know in the movie that Eddie was a chaotic bisexual XD but I took a different liberty here creatively that Venom was the first experience with "gay sex/gay acts" that he's had (he sees Venom is a male).

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Pretty

Venom says it a lot. Over and over. Whispered sweetly in his ear until his insides quiver. Until he has to squeeze his eyes shut.

"Please." His breath catches on the word, so he bites his lip. His cock throbs, Venom is slick inside him. Pressing, pressing. Always pressing into him perfectly. Smooth tendrils spread his legs, massaging into the meat of his thighs. Appreciating the muscle.

So pretty, Eddie. Eddie sobs because he can't escape the voice in his head, all consuming and unforgiving. He doesn't want to hear things like that. **We know, Eddie.** Venom is purring against his chest, running a clawed hand up and down his stomach.

My host is the prettiest. None of your kind are as pretty as you. I know, Eddie. I can see them. Venom passes encouragement and lust through their wavelength when Eddie tightens around him. He opens up Eddie's throat and a noise he's been repressing leaves his mouth. Loud. Desperate.

Your lips are plush. Tendrils trace his lips. **Unusually, so. So, so pretty.** He pushes one into Eddie's mouth, swirls it around his tongue and settling it against the roof of his mouth as a comforting gesture. Eddie's toes curl. His cock jumps again.

Your body is strong. Your eyes are expressive. And Eddie is cumming, arching against the bed and sobbing around Venom in his mouth, drool leaking from the corner of his lips. **And your insides are so tight, so perfect around me.** Words punctuated by thrusts deep, deep inside. Knowing where he needs it, knowing where to break him. A hand is wrapped around his hip as he releases, and the thumb rubs against his abdomen.

Eddie.

Together

Somewhere along the line as a tongue is being pushed into him, treating him with such care, he has an embarrassing and naive thought. He's not gay. Eddie isn't gay, he's never been gay. He's never let anyone inside him like this, it's never been a thought to cross his mind. He-

But you are mine. I'm always inside you. Venom is always listening. Eddie drops his head until his forehead is hitting his arms below him. A shiver is traveling up his spine. One so strong it raises goosebumps along his back. Venom senses it. Senses his insecurity.

What is gay? Eddie huffs. He can't believe this is happening. He uses a hand to wipe away sweat from the side of his face. He shows Venom images of men kissing, comparing it to a man and a woman kissing. Shows with a bit of an educated guess a man penetrating another man beneath him and the passion that goes with it compared to a man penetrating a woman.

"Two men together is gay. Two women, too." He pauses. Tries to find the right words. "It's not uncommon, really. But-" A twist of tongue and Eddie whines, curls his hands into the sheets. Liquid heat is settling into his belly.

But?

"But I've never been with a man before. Ever. I'm..." Eddie licks his lips. He feels exposed to Venom's satisfaction and contentment as he licks into him. Deeper. A gentle, rocking pressure against his sweet spot. *Tastes so good, Eddie. You taste so good.* Chanting on loop in his mind. His body clenches down hard again and he pushes his face into the sheets beneath him. *More. We want more. More of Eddie's taste. Will I find it deeper?* The wet sounds slosh against the skin of his ass and thighs as Venom pushes deeper. Deeper, deeper until Venom has a hold of that tender bundle of nerves and rolls against it. Eddie can only shudder and sob against the bed, sounds driven out of him by Venom's growing eagerness to pleasure him. A black tendril tilts his face to the side so that the remains of his whimpers are heard. His jaw is slack. *Tastes so good.* Eddie is lost in it. He doesn't know how he hasn't cum yet, but he suspects it's not that complicated for Venom to figure out.

But? Venom's voice draws him back to the original topic. He gasps again at Venom's tongue filling him completely.

"I-I'm not s-sexually attracted to men." Venom's mild confusion was expected.

You are mine, Eddie. It does not matter if you are gay. You are mine. His name like a prayer echoing through his head. Constant litany of *Mine, mine, mine* and *Tastes so good*, has Eddie

crying out. Spurring Venom on, joy and giddiness emptying into him from Venom's mind to his at his pleasure. He moves into Eddie with steady thrusts now that has Eddie lifting up from the mattress onto his elbows and knees. He only lasts a few more strokes, shaking apart. He cums hard, panting hotly into the side of his arm. And just like that, his hand is not his own; it's enlarged black form is moved from its position by his head to hold him tight in its fist. Eddie's entire body shakes with his orgasm, the hand milking his cock relentlessly. Venom purrs against him as he clenches around his tongue, maneuvering his wetness into him in almost machine like accuracy even when his body drops to the mattress. He cries into the sheets, eyes squeezed together tight and legs held open.

Eddie is happy. Eddie is happy.

Defeat

Shuddering and twisting through his second orgasm sends his body into a fit of spasms. *Too much, too much.* But it was still *so good*, somehow. It should have hurt, he should feel numb by now. And he knows, *he fucking knows* that Venom has something to do with it. He's firing off some kind of chemicals into him to allow this to happen. To keep it building and keep sending him crashing over the top.

Hungry, Eddie. And Venom for once isn't talking about food. He's hungry for *Eddie*, hungry for his pleasure. That sends another pang of lust through his dick and Eddie feels the same lust feeding from Venom.

"Venom," he rasps. He can barely get the words out. "I can't. Not again." But his hips are lifted to get better access, the thick tentacle pushing and caressing his insides, making them come alive, making Eddie fight the hold on his thighs.

So perfect. So wet. So delicious. Venom looms over him, his large hands pushing Eddie's own into the bed. He follows Eddie's movements when he tilts his head back, lifting a tendril to pull Eddie's chin so he can see his face. His nipples are tweaked. Once. Twice. Tears fall down his face, pushed out by the bliss. He's cumming again on the tentacle buried against his prostate, clutching onto Venom's hands as he convulses. He's taken higher, being rammed hard and fast and this time when his mouth opens, no sound comes out. Venom is watching, his eyes slitting, his teeth shining. He's cumming *again*, and Eddie really, truly can't breathe. His eyes roll back in his head, Venom presses fully against him and he's embraced through it. Their individual euphoria clashes together into one burning sun behind his eyes. His legs are cramping from his body's contractions as Venom pulls him through it. Drags him through slow and steady. Until he relaxes, until he just shakes and shakes and lets Venom give him what he wants to give him.

"Please...please." It's all he can manage to whisper, arching through another spike in euphoria when he feels his cock rub against the front of Venom's body. Eddie doesn't know what he's begging for; for more. For mercy. Venom rakes a clawed hand through his hair before linking their fingers again. He pins Eddie to the bed in this way, fingers laced through his. He's being suspended over the edge of release in a series of slow, well aimed thrusts. Venom requests access into his mouth with a lick at his lips and he can't deny him. Eddie opens to it, making a pathetically high

pitched sound around the tongue halfway down his throat.

Please- He chokes the word out one more time in his mind before he's thrown over the cliff and squeezing around Venom in orgasmic bliss again. He pushes against the hands holding him down and Venom lets him. He sucks on the tongue in his mouth and Venom coos at how good he's behaving. The praise makes Eddie's lashes flutter.

Eddieeeeeeee.

Reveal

Eddie's tries to swallow down his embarrassment as Venom squeezes his ass in his hands. His claws scrape lightly. He's in Venom's lap, and they've not done this position a lot. It scares Eddie the most, and Venom knows this. He knows everything. Finally, after what seems like ages of him seated on Venom's makeshift cock (he creates it from his form between his legs), Venom moves. Eddie doesn't want it slow tonight. And Venom obliges. Pistoning into him until the air is knocked from his lungs. Venom's arms are around him, holding him close. His tongue is in the crook of his neck, down his back and between his cheeks.

"What are-" The tongue joins Venom's cock and that's it, Eddie's done. Wave after wave spurts from his cock with each hard thrust and Eddie's toes curl against the spit slick tongue driving against him inside. And Venom keeps moving, his form has engulfed Eddie's hips, forcing him to move his pelvis back and forth until he feels sick with want.

We would have you like this forever, Eddie. And he knows Venom means it. That he would have Eddie impaled on him always if he could. Tight around him, shaking around him, full of nothing but him.

Nothing but us, he repeats.

Nothing but them.

Chapter End Notes

who am i

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